DOCTOR Merrie-man: OR, Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S.R.

LONDON,
Printed by *R.I.* for *Fr. Grove*, and are to be sold at his shop on Snow-hill, without Newgate,
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A Citizen for Recreation sake,
To see the Country would a journey make,
Some dozen miles or little more,
Taking his leave of friends two months before
With drinking healths, and shaking by the hand,
As if hee had traveld to some new-found-land,
VVell, taking horse, with very much ado,
London hee leaveth for a day or two:
And as hee rideth meeteth on the way
Such (as what hast soever) bid men stay,
Sirrah (saies one) stand, and your purse deliver;
I am a taker, you must bee a giver.
Unto a VVood strait way they hale him in,
And rifle him unto the very skin:
Masters (quoth he) pray hear me ere you go,
For you have robbed more than you do know
My horse in troth I borrowed of my Brother,
The Bridle and the saddle of another:
The Jerkin and the Bases be a Taylers,
The Scarfe I do assure you is a Saylers:
The Falling-band is likewise none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth shine,
The Sattin Doublet, and the Velvet Hose
Are out Church-wardens all the parish knowes,

The Boots are Join the Grocers of the Swan,
The Spurs were lent mee by a serving-man:
One of my Rings (that with the great red stone)
Insooth I borrowed of my gossip Joan,
Her Husband knows not of it, Gentlemen,
Thus stands my case, I pray shew favour then,
Why (quoth the theeves) thou need'st not greatly care,
Since in thy losse so many bear a share:
The world grows hard, many good-fellows lack,
Look not at this time for a penny back.
Go tell at London, thou didst meet with four,
That rifling thee have rob'd at least a score.

TWo Beggars did encounter on the way,
That had not seen each other many a day,
Nor met together at the Hedge, (Rogues Hall)
As perfect lowsie as they both could crawle:
Each had a cap, and night-cap for the cold,
And cloaks with patches full as they could hold,
Great Satchell Scrips, that shut with leather flaps;
And each a dog to eat his masters scraps:
Their shooes were Hob-nail proof, soundly bepegg'd,
Wrapt well with clouts to keep them warmer legg'd,
Sayes one to th'other, *Come, bang care let's drink,*
Our Trade is better than a number think,
For I, my wife, and Jack *go up and down,*
To make our ev'ry day worth half a Crown:
Most Townes in Flanders *I have learn'd to name,*
And am a poor distressed Souldier lame;
And sometimes I their charity desire,
Like one hath lost all that he had by fire;

Fire

Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knave,
Let's go where wee some watering place may have,
Where's the beſt Beer to give a man content?
I have a penny that was never ſpent;
And twenty ſlaves I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could bee Maſter of the ſame:
To many an Aſſe I do the *Worſhip* give,
With, *Lord preſerve you whileſt you live:*
Now Jeſus proſper you by ſea and land,
And bleſſe you, Maſter, all you take in hand.
God keep your limbs, and Lord increaſe your ſtore,
I eat no bread to day (but drunk the more)
For Chriſt his ſake make this ſame up a penny:
Thus do I angle ſilver out of many:
I, when I have it for my ſpeaking fair,
If he were hang'd that gave it, I'd ne'r care.

The other beggar laught and did reply,
Roger, of that ſame humour juſt am I,
I can afford good ſpeeches well as thou,
And unto any Knave ſuch words allow:
I will not want that till my tongue doth fail
But prethee come, let us go find the Ale:
I am as dry as ever was *March* duſt,
And here's a Groat, I mean to ſpend it juſt.
Well ſaid old Tom (ſayes th'other) if thou do
My groat ſhall go, and my Tobacco too:
Although a Beggars credit bee not great,
Wee will bee Gentlemen in our conceit:
I think my ſelf as good a man each way,
As hee that goes in's Velvet every day.
We'l ſpend a Crown and drink Carouſes round,
Before ſome Charles are worth ten thouſand pound:
There's nothing but a pair of ſtocks wee fear,
Ile bring thee to a Cup of tickling geer.

A Money monger choice of Sureties had:
A Country fellow plain in Ruſſet clad:
His doublet mutton-taffety Sheep-skins,
His ſleeves at hand button'd with two good pins;
Upon his head a filthy greaſie Hat,
That had a hole eat thorow it by a Rat,
A Leather Pouch that with a Snap-hance ſhut,
One hundred hob-nailes in his ſhooes were put:
The ſtockings that his clowniſh legs did fit,
Were Kerſey to the calfe, and th' other knit:
And at a word, th' apparell that hee wore
Was not worth three vs-pence, at *Who gives more?*
The other Surety of another ſtuff,
His neck inviron'd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawn and Cambrick both ſuch common ware,
His Double ſet had falling Band to ſpare:
His fashion new, with late Edition ſtood,
His Rapier Hilt imbru'd in golden blood:
And theſe ſame trappings made him ſeem unſound,
To paſſe his credit for an hundred pound,
So was accepted, Ruſſet coat deny'd,
But when time came the money ſhould bee pay'd:
And Monſieur Uſurer did hunt him out,
Strange alteration ſtruck his heart in doubt:
For in the Counter hee was gone to dwell,
And Broker, had his painted cloaths to ſell:
The Uſurer then further underſtands,
The Clown (refus'd) was rich, and had good lands:
Ready (through rage) to hang himſelfe, he ſware,
That ſilken knaves ſhould cozen him no more.

A Wealthy Misers son upon a day,
Met a poor youth, that did intreat and pray
Something in charity in his distresse:
Help sir (quoth he) one that is fatherlesse;
Sirrah (said hee) away bee gone with speed,
Ile help none such, thou art a knave indeed;
Dost thou complain because thou want'st a Father?
Were it my case, I should rejoyce the rather.
For if thy fathers death cause thee repine,
I would my father had excused mine.

A Country fellow had a dream,
Which did his mind amaze,
That starting up he wakes his wife,
and thus to her hee sayes:
Oh woman rise, and help your Goose,
for even the best we have,
Is presently at poynt to dye,
unlesse her life you save.
On either side of her I see
an hungry Fox doth sit,
But staying upon countisie,
who shall begin first bit.
Husband (Quoth she) if this bee all
I can your dream expound,
The perfect meaning of the same,
I instantly have found.
The Goose betwixt two Foxes plac'd,
which in your sleep you saw,

Is you your self that prove a Goose,
in going still to Law:
On either side a Lawyer sits,
and they do feathers pull,
That in the end you will be left
a bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I think
thou art just in the right:
My purse can witness to my grief,
they do begin to bite.
I do resolve another course,
and much commend thy wit,
Ile leave the Gooses part for them
that have a mind to it.
And if thou ever find that I
to Lawing humors fall,
Let me be hang'd at Westminster,
(Wife) Ile forsake the Hall.

AN idle fellow that could take no paine,
Looking that others should his state maintain,
Was sharp reproved by an honest friend,
Who told him man was made for other end,
Then only eate, and sleep, and play:
To whom the lazy creature thus did say,
Sir, I do nere intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most paine. Horses that labour great,
Are cast in ditches for the dogs to eat.

A Tricky

A Crafty kind of knavish sort,
(whereof there plenty be,)
Did break his Masters looking glass,
and swore it was not he:
His Master did examine him,
demanding who it was,
Sir if you'l be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the glass:
With that he brought in sweet the Maid,
to Fortunes Picture there,
Saying, Sir, 'twas Fortune did the deed,
she ought the blame to bear.
His Master took a cudgel then,
and belabowred him withall,
who crying out for mercy, downe
before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Master) 'tis no boot
to Fortune you must speak,
For even she that cudgels you,
the glass before did break.

A Sort of Clowns, for losse that they sustain'd
By souldiers, to the Captain fore complain'd
With dolefull words, and weep-full faces,
They mov'd him to compassionate their cases.
Good Sir, (sayes one) I pray redresse our wrongs,
They that have done us unto you belongs
Of all that ere was had, nere are we free,
Except our very shirts, there's nothing left.
The Captain answer'd them, Fellows beare me
My souldiers rob'd you not, I plainly see,
At your first speech your made mine owne,

But your last words resolv'd the doubts I had,
For they which rifled you, left shirts (you say)
And I am sure mine carry all away:
But this know, that an error you strain,
My souldiers would have left you but your skin.

ONe dying left three Sons,
whom he addicted (did give)
Of what profession to make choice,
whereby they best might live.
Unto the first he said,
Law will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
some wranglers still will be.
The second he did wish
a Canons life to chuse,
For when that others weep and mourn,
why thou shalt singing use.
And to the third he said,
Physick for thee is fit:
For earth will smother all the soules
Physicians do commit.

A Bold stale Witch was quite past the best,
That had nothing about him to requite,
Save only that he carried in his purse,
Would have a tender Wench to his Nurse,
His sight was dim, his teeth were rotten,
His hands had palsie, and his legs were gotten,
Yet he would wench with a daring Mind,
Whose beauties gave him all the Devils fancy,
And had her equal Bed-fellow in sin,
A tender young one [illegible]

This gallant to her did a Suter go,
With much adoe, his legs did plague him so,
Yet with his flattering pretty shift but weake,
So told her, Cupid had her heart in chaine.
With his poor heart twas wounded for her sake,
And shee must needs a healing plaister make.
The Maid beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quick dispatch made quick reply,
Kind Sir (quoth she) your suit in love with-draw,
You shall not thatch my new house with old straw.

A Gentleman a curious building fram'd,
A house like those that are from founders nam'd.
The workmen had enlarg'd their architecture,
Composing it a curious heap of stone.
Being perfect finisht as it ought to be,
The Founder brought his friend the same to see,
Demanded how he liked the house of his.
Why well (quoth he) only one fault I finde,
And that (me thinks) disgraceth all the rest.
Your Kitchin is too little I protest.
O sir (quoth he) in that you do mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make:
Of purpose I contriv'd the Kitchin small,
To have my house the bigger there withall.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much adoe, before their strife could end,
About the privilege that each did claime,
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame.
Sir, I am head of all the Trade we have,
For Kings must sit bare-headed unto me.

The greatest Monarch that ever was found
Puts off to me, Mower you come behind
Th' other reply'd, Barber, in vain you strive
I have a priviledge to excede you five,
For when by me the grasse with Sythe is shorn,
Or that my sickle entreth down the Corn,
Upon the stumps I boldly dare intrude
What Barber on his stops his darke do shade?

AN humourous fantastick Asse
whose wit and wealth was spent,
Did in all Companies hee came
boast of his great discent:
And all the Gentlemen hee knew
unto his blood were hale;
For hee could prove from Noahs great flood
his stock of royall race.
Pray sir (quoth one) take no more paine
in this same worthy thing,
For it is most apperent plain
from what old house you spring:
You may just prove your progress
from Noah unto this hower,
Your ancestors good Masons were
that wrought on Babel Tower.
And were I in your Worships
in spight of Brick-layers-hall,
I would give Trowell in mine Armes,
a Ladder, Tray and all.

GEntlemen, that approach about my stall,
To me use Physick, I invite you all:
Come near and hearken what I can recite,
Sir, I am skilfull in the Kings meat for bare headed unto me.

And deal with more art those that are not well:
In this same box I have such precious stuffe,
To give it praise I have not words enough:
If any humour in your head bee crept,
Ile find it out as if your head were lept,
Almost through *Europe* I have shewn my face,
And wonders have perform'd in every place.
Behold this salve (I do not use to lye)
Whole Hospitalls there have been cur'd thereby,
I do not stand here like a tatter'd slave,
My Velvet, and my chain of Gold I have,
Which cannot bee maintained by mens looks:
Friends, all your Town is hardly worth my books.
There stands my Coach and horses, tis mine own,
From hence to *Turkey* is my credit known,
In sooth I cannot boast as many will,
Let nothing speak for mee but only skill,
You see the thing like Ginger-bread lies there,
My tongue cannot expresse to any eare
The sundry vertues that it doth contain,
Or number half the wormes that it hath slain:
If in your bellies there were crawlers bred,
In multitude like hairs upon your head,
Within some hours space, or thereabour,
At all the holes you have, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I have done,
Even like the Hare that forth the bush doth run.
Here is a wondrous water for the eye:
This for the stomack, Masters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fools) among your selves will prate:
Oh that wee had that famous man again,
When I shall bee imploy'd in *France* or *Spain*;
Now for a Storie you a box shall have,

That will the lives of half a dozen save:
My man is come, and in my ear he sales,
At home for me at least an hundred stays,
All gentlemen, yet for your good (you see)
I make them tarry and attend for me.
If that you have no money, let me know;
Physick of A'ms upon you I'le bestow;
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clowns I never saw before:
Here you do stand like Owls and gaze on me,
But not a penny from you can I see.
A man shall come to do such dunces good,
And cannot have his meaning understood:
To talk to senceless people is in vain,
I'le see you hang'd ere I'le come here again;
Be all diseas'd as bad as horses be,
And die in ditches like to dogs for me:
An old wives medicine Parsley, Time and Sage,
Will serve such Buzzards in this scurvy age,
Goose-grease and Fennel, with a few dog-dates
Is excellent for such base lowsie Mates:
Farewell, some Hempen Halter be the charm,
To stretch your necks so long as is mine arm.

ONe came to woo a Wench that was precise,
And by the spirit did the flesh despise,
Moving a secret match between them two,
But she in sooth and sadness would not do.
He did reply, so sweet a lass as she
(Made of such stuff as all fair women be)
Ought by the Law of Nature to be kind,
And shew her self to bear a woman's mind.

Well Sir (quoth she) you men do much prevail,
With cunning speeches, and a pleasant tale:
'Tis but a folly to be over nice,
You shall but twenty shillings in my price,
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and I am for you so:
Well, he took leave, and with her husband met,
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt:
Intreating him to do so good a deed,
As lend him twenty shillings at his need:
VVhich (very kind) he present did extend,
And th'other willing on his wife did spend.
So taking leave of her he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Creditor within few days,
And told him, sir, I was at home to pay
The twenty shillings which you lent last day,
And with your wife (because you were not there).
I left it, pray you with my boldness bear.
'Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure:
So coming home, questions his wife at leasure.
I pray Sweet-heart was such a man at home?
And did he leave twenty shillings for me?
She blushe, and said; he hath been here indeed,
But you do ill to lend, Husband take heed,
The falshood of the world you do not spy,
It is not good to trust before you try.
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To have such knaves come home to pay your wife.

A Crew of Foxes were on theeving set,
Together at a Country Hen-roost met.
VVhere the poor Poultry went to grievous wracke;
For there they feasted till their guts did crack:

Having

Having well supp'd, ready to go away,
Without demanding what they had to pay,
Sayes one unto the rest, friends harke to mee,
Let's point where our next meeting place shall bee,
With a good will (sayes one above the rest)
At such a Farmers house, his Lambs bee best,
Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clown,
Hath even the fattest Geese in all the Town.
Well Masters (said a grave and ancient Pose,
Had been the death of many Hens and Cocks)
The surest place to meet that I can tell,
Will bee the Skinners shop, and so farewell.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keep,
Unto the safety of his grazing sheep,
Perceiv'd a Woolf thorow the hedge did pry,
Sirrah (quoth he) pray what make you so nigh?
Why (sayes the Woolf) thou seest I do no ill,
Thy flock is far enough upon the hill,
What Justice now a dayes these people lacks?
The Crows ride boldly on the Cattels backs,
And not a word thou lay'st to them at all,
Yet but for looking on with mee dost brawle.
The Proverbe's true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Woolf tell,
Hee that upon a bad ill name doth light,
Is even half hang'd, as good bee hang'd out right;
And I my self by proof can now alledge,
Some better steal, than some look o're the hedge.

The

THe Devil did complain he was not well,
And would go take some Physick out of hell:
To *England*, *France*, and *Spaine* with speed he got.
Where all refus'd him, he did burn so hot,
In haste he then to *Germany* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to trye
Where in a Market place upon a Stage,
He found a fellow could all griefs asswage:
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I do find I am exceeding ill,
And any thing for cure I will indure:
What? wilt thou undertake my pain to cure?
If thou canst ease the malady I have,
Thou shalt have gold, even what thy self will crave.
Gentleman (said the Doctor to this Devil)
Upon my life Ile rid you from this evil?
Make unto me those griefs you have, but known,
And with the curing them let me alone.
Why sir (quoth he) my head with horns doth ake,
My brains doth Brimstone like *Tobacco* take:
My eyes are full of ever-burning fire,
My tongue a drop of water doth desire:
About my heart do crawling Serpents creep,
And I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep,
There's no diseases whatsoe're they be,
But I have all of them upon me:
All torments that the tongue of man can name
Within, without, in a continual flame.
Quoth the *Quack-saluer*, I will undertake
A sound man of you in a moneth to make.
Wile please your worship shew me where you dwell?
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in hell.

Thy charges in thy journey I will bear,
And He prefer thee to the Devill there
With speed get up, Ile take thee on my back,
The world may spare thee, and in hell we lack.

A Bishop met two Priests upon the way,
And did salute them with the time of day:
Good morrow Clerks unto you both (quoth he)
Sir (they reply'd) no Clerks, but Priests are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Unto the title of your own content:
Sith you deny to carry Schollers marks,
Good morrow to you Priests, that are no Clerks.

ONe climing on a Tree by hap,
Fell down and brak his arm.
And did complain unto a friend
Of his unlucky harm.
Would I had counsel'd you before,
(Quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a trick for climers, that
They never hurt shall take.
Neighbour (said he) I have a son,
And he doth use to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against another time.
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
That lives, climb never so high,
And make no more haste down then up,
No harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman sore sick did lye,
Expecting life that could not chuse but dye:

His

His Fool came to him, and intreated thus,
Good Master, ere you go away from us,
Bestow on Jack (that oft hath made you laugh)
Against he waxeth old, your walking staffe?
I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is,
But on condition Jack, which shall be this:
If thou do meet with any whilst thou lives,
More foole than thou, the staffe thou shalt him give.
Master (said he) upon my life I will,
But I do hope that I shall keep it still.
When death drew neer, and faintness did proceed,
His Master calls for a Divine with speed,
For to prepare him unto heavens way,
The fool starts up, and hastily doth say,
Oh Master, Master, take your staffe again,
That proves your self, the most fool of us twain.
Have you liv'd now some fourscore years and odd,
And all this while are unprepar'd for God?
What greater fool can any meet with all,
Then one that's ready in the grave to fall,
And is to seek about his soul estate,
When death is opening of the Prison gate?
Bear witness friends, that I discharge me plain,
Here Master, here, receive your staffe again
Upon the same condition I did take it,
According as you wil'd me I forsake it:
And over and above, I will bestow,
This Epitaph, which shall your folly show.

Here lies a man, at death did heaven claime,
But in his life he never sought the same.

A Simple Clown in *Flanders*,
As he travelling had been,

Having his wife in company,
Came late into his Inne,
A *Spanish* Souldier being there,
A guest unto the place,
No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gone to bed
Then boldly th' comes he,
And never said, friend by your leave,
But made their number three.
The Clown lay still, and felt a stir,
But durst not speak for's life,
At length his patience was so mov'd,
He softly jogg'd his wife,
And said to her, prethee intreate
The *Spaniard* to be still:
Can I speak *Spanish* man (quoth she)
You know I have no skill:
But Husband if you please to rise,
And for the Sexton go,
He understandeth *Spanish* well
Assuredly I know.
Faith and I will fetch him streight, quoth he,
And for the Rustick rose,
And softly sneaking out of doors,
About his message goes.
Mean time, imagine what you will,
To me it is unknown;
But ere her husband came again,
The *Spaniard* he was gone
Which when the simple man perceiv'd,
He fell to domineer:
O wife (said he) for twenty pound
I would I had been here.

Tell me (sweet heart) when I was gone,
How long the Knave did stay?
(Quoth she) you scarce were out of doors
before he ran away.
Wife (quoth the Clown) thou mak'st me laugh,
That I did fear him thus?
Come let us take a little nap,
For his disturbing us.
You see what comes of policy,
And good discretion wives
If I had been a hasty fool,
it might have cost my life.

I Am a professed Cutterzan,
That lives by peoples sin,
With half a dozen Punckets I keep,
I have good comings in:
Such store of Traders haunt my house
To find a lusty Wench,
That twenty gallants in a week
Do entertain the *French*,
Your Courties, and your Citizen,
Your very Rustick Clown,
Will spend an Angel on the Box,
Even ready money down:
I strive to live most Lady-like,
And scorn those foolish queans,
That do not rattle in their Silks,
And yet have able means;
I have my Coach, as if I were
A Countess I protest,
I have my dainty Musick plays

VVhen I would take my rest
I have my Serving-men to wait
Upon me in Sleev'e coates,
I have my Cares that do attend
My pleasure with their Boats,
I have my Champions, that will fight,
My Lovers that do fawn,
I have my Hat, my Hood, my Mask,
My Fan, my cobweb Lawne,
To give my Gloves unto a Gull,
Is mighty favour found,
When for the wearing of the same
It costs him twenty pound.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the same a silken Gowne
The Prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Ass, and he forsooth
Is in such a longing heat,
My Busk-point eene on his knees
With tears he doth intreat.
I grant it, to rejoyce the man,
And then requeſt a thing,
Which is both gold and precious stone,
The Woodcocks Diamond Ring.
Another lowly minded youth,
Forsooth my Shooe-string craves
And that he putteth though his ear,
Calling the rest base slaves.
Thus fit I fools in humor still
That come to me for game,
I Punish them for *Venery*,
Leaving their purses lame.
In New-gate some take lodging up
Till they to Tiburn ride,

And

And other walk to *Weststreet*, with
A Sergeant by their side,
Some go to *Houndsditch* with their cloathes,
To pawn for money lending,
And some I send to Surgeons shops
Because they lack some mending.
Others pass ragged up and down,
All tatter'd rent, and torn;
But being in that scurvy case
Their companies I scorn.
For if they come and fawn on me,
There's nothing to be got;
As soon as ere my Merchants break,
I swear I know them not;
No entertainment, not a look
That they shall get of me,
If once I do begin perceive,
That out of Cash they be:
All kindnesses that I profess,
The fairest shews I make,
Is love of all that comes to me,
For Gold and Silver sake.
To forward men, I forward am,
Most frank unto the free;
But such as take their wears on trust,
Are not to deal with me.
The world is hard, all things are dear,
Good-fellowship decayes,
And every one seeks profit now
In these same hungry dayes.
Although my trade in secret be
Unlawful to be known,
Yet will I make the best I can
Of that which is my own:
For seeing I do venture fair

At price of whipping-cheer
I have no reason but to make
A Sergeant by their rides,
My Customers
Some go to Hamuth-hitch with
Our charge beside is very
To pawn for money
To keep them fine
And some I lend to
A Whore that goes not
Because they lack
Shall little doings
Others pay
All matter'd
Therefore all things
Our charges and our
But being in that
A daily hired
Their companies
As any Terme-time
For it they come and
There's nothing

[redacted]

No entertainment
There they shall
If once I do begin
The rich did tell a
That out of
Maudlen (as he
All kindness
And ever when the
With bell and
The saints
In love of all
For Gold
To lose what
Moll thank unto
But such as take
Are not to dear
And seems for that he'l pay me with
The world is
Good-fellowship decayes,
And every one seeks profit now
In their same
Although my trade
Lawful to be known,
Yet will I make the best I can
Other which is my own:
For seeing I do venture fair

FINIS.